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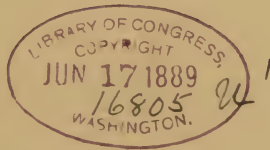




The  
\* Siege \* of \* Syracuse \*

A POETICAL DRAMA  
IN FIVE ACTS

BY  
WILLIAM A. LEAHY



BOSTON  
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CHARACTERS.

LUCIUS, a young Syracusan captain.

ANTENOR, High-Priest and Senator of Syracuse; Adelia's father.

BARCA, Carthaginian general.

SALANDER, his attendant.

GYLIPPUS, Spartan general.

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ADELIA, beloved of Lucius.

GLAUKA, in love with Lucius, a disguised Ionian maiden, Adelia's companion.

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Soldiers, Sailors, Priestesses, etc.

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The story is laid in Syracuse during the Athenian siege,

B.C. 414-413.



THE  
SIEGE OF SYRACUSE.

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Act first.

SCENE I.

*A secluded garden. Glauka discovered by a fountain,  
singing.*

ACANTHE.

Acanthe carolled  
Beside the shore,  
Where the sea-maids four,  
All green-apparelled,  
Looking up through the waters shoal,

From their grottoes shady  
Beheld her pass,  
With the heart of a lass,  
The grace of a lady,  
And locks like an aureole ;  
And locks like an aureole.

*Enter Lucius in full armor : he listens.*

“Take thy Acanthe,” —  
Sweetly she sang  
That the ocean rang, —  
“O sister Xanthe,  
Under the sparkling waves.  
For thou art become  
A sea-maid, they say ;  
Then take me away  
To thy deep, new home  
In the beautiful coral caves ;  
In the beautiful coral caves.”

Where the water flows  
By the old sea-bank,  
They arose and sank,  
And sank and arose,

Aye making a music wild ;  
 While, strewing sea-charms,  
     Xanthe, the queen,  
     Coming unseen,  
 Stretched forth her arms,  
 And sank with the lovely child ;  
 All sank with the lovely child.

LUCIUS (*coming forward*). A sweet lay, Glauka.

GLAUKA (*starts*). Master !

LUCIUS. Do not blush

Thus to be overheard.

GLAUKA. Thy plume is shorn,

Lord Lucius, and, O Gods ! this brazen plate

Is dinted like a target. Sure it has been

The mark for many arrows.

LUCIUS. Sweet concern

And pretty wonder of thy gentle eyes !

We had a midnight skirmish. Happy maid,

Thou, screened amid thy grove of whispering lemons,

Know'st little of the fleet that blocks our harbor ;

Nor hast thou climbed Epipolae's slope to view

Their cruel walls that like a serpent's folds





LUCIUS. Adelia! (*They embrace.*)

ADELIA. This is earlier than thy wont.

LUCIUS. Swift sped I, love, and blithely to my  
tryst;

While Fancy, like an eager comrade, still  
Outran me, questioning, "What doth she now?"  
And "Will she meet me here before the gate?  
Or on the path? or in her bower? Perhaps  
She will be singing, — sighing, — at her tasks, —  
Or revery-bound, watching the wingèd flocks  
That, now 'tis early spring, embarking high  
Upon their airy element, desert  
Our winter for the North."

ADELIA. Behold them now.

O would they were the wingèd ships of Athens,  
Tired of their sojourn here, and eastward bound  
Back to their own Piræus. But no word  
Of war to us, love, by my father's wish.  
If thou'st an idle hour, fling down thy spear  
And doff thy heavy helm, while 'mid sweet converse,  
Reclining on the lawn (Remain, my dear!)  
We two will give thine arms a hue of peace,  
Garlanding them with flowers.

*Lucius throws down his spear and removes his helmet.  
They recline on the meadow. Glauka moves to and  
fro, fetching flowers for the garlands.*

ADELIA. Few visitors  
Disturb us, save Antenor and thyself,  
And, yes, the little warbling birds that come  
To tipple in our fountains. So our life  
Is pensive and severe, — unless, perchance,  
As even now I heard her, Glauka carols.  
Then all the garden's silent and each thing  
That's blessed with ears stands trembling for delight,  
Till, startled by the perfect hush, the maid  
Remembers she is singing, and is still.

GLAUKA. O lady, what are praises from thy lips!

LUCIUS. Thou art a sister of the nightingale,  
Fair Glauka, sweeter far than she, and shy  
As, ah! the sweetest songsters ever are.  
And is it love that makes thee carol, too?  
Why not, in Love's own bower! The very air  
Exhaleth a voluptuous harmony.  
Think not I mean such harmony alone  
As trembles in the hearing when deft hands



And questioned him: "What wares hast thou for sale?"

"True wisdom, sire." — Whence purchased? whence obtained?"

"Where all men purchase wisdom, in the schools Of Athens." Hast thou seen men suffer?" "Nay."

"And hast thou known a beautiful woman?" "Nay."

"And hast thou faced death?" "Nay."

Antenor passed.

His silence was like scorn.

GLAUKA. My flowers, lady,  
Plead to me for the liquor that they love,  
And every basin trickles at the brim.

LUCIUS. Flowers! Wrought drops of purest loveliness,  
So full of silent utterance, like eyes:  
Some tender, proud, shy, sad, gay, passionate.  
O, beauty is the blossom and the crown  
Of everything. One flower on a vine  
Becomes the centre of the world to me.

GLAUKA. If yonder nameless bell is opening,  
Then it is close on the meridian hour.  
At night, or when the rains refresh the hues

And perfumes of the garden, he pouts up  
His purple lips.

LUCIUS. Thanks for the garland, Glauka.

*Glauka sprinkles the flowers in the vases and beds  
near by.*

ADELIA. So now thy casque is wreathèd with a  
crown

Fair as thine own Olympian laurel prize.  
How swiftly flow the years since thou returnedst,  
A victor, from the games !

LUCIUS. Yet still thy days  
Are those of the young rose when every morn  
Unfolds new petals in her riping prime.  
Yet how time flows ! It seems a mighty age,  
All-thronged with annals of momentous deeds,  
Since when my bark, — now fierce-arrayed for war, —  
Flew o'er the foamy straits, far out to sea,  
Towards Ithaca and the mantled Elian shores.  
The picture rises in my memory  
When, through Alpheus's banks in shallows rowing,  
We came upon the middle of the games.  
Fleet runners, like a herd of startled deer,

Coursed down the track, and supple wrestlers strained,  
And chariots clattered in the elliptic ring.  
While, high-embanked on stony tiers around,  
Reclined the glory and the pride of Greece,  
Numberless as the trees that overlay  
The flanks of some steep mountain.

Pedestalled

In universal gaze, the reverend bards,  
Lyre-laden, sat and mused. My rivals these,  
Who stared at me, the stranger and the boy.  
And when my hour was come, — my lyre well clasped,  
My fingers in the chords, — I rose, abashed.  
The plain of Elis vanished like a dream.  
I seemed to see my home ; I seemed to hear  
Faint herd-bells of the hills, as when, a boy,  
I climbed the mighty Aetna, from the base  
Up ladder-vines to some vale-towering peak  
That overlooked the sea. Far southward lay  
The undulous fields of Sicily in sight,  
Flushed with a flowery haze, red as the stream  
Ambrosial of thy rose-enamelled cheek, —  
Thus flowed my thoughts to thee. Just then the voice  
Of Aeschylus, the minstrel blind, the judge,

Broke on my visions with the subject —

“Love!

Begin!” he said.

I sang the tale eterne

Of two fair souls in youth's gold summer of life,  
Who, sauntering through the woodlands arm in arm,  
Sink to a seat beneath some shady arbor  
Delightful, where the blushing girl first hears  
The passionate youth's avowal. Sweet the words  
I chose, and pure, and simple, — while my lyre  
Breathed murmurous accord, now swelling loud  
As with the tender boy's entreaty, now  
Expiring softly, like the maiden's sigh.  
Singing, my soul waxed wilder. I had risen  
To the last outburst of triumphant joy, —  
When, lo! my lyre-strings parted.

Shattered, dumb,

They lay beneath my fingers. But I cried  
Undaunted, “Give me a larger lyre, one meet  
To bear the burden of strong ecstasy!  
Give me the voice of youths who chant together  
With mutual joy, and hearts all tuned in one,  
In praise of love — for what is youth but love?”

Give me the tones of that supernal hymn  
 The blest souls, clustered in Elysian fields,  
 And fair Pierian groups, Olympian choirs,  
 Strewn o'er the luminous floor of heaven, pour forth,  
 Mingled with sweetness of all things that sing,  
 Of groves, of streams, of winds, of gliding spheres,  
 Audible to the Gods, or shapes whose veins  
 Hold ichor, or the rapt, transported bard,  
 Whose soul, of elemental fires compound,  
 Hears harmonies divine. Or, higher still,  
 Give me the voice of Zeus when by the side  
 Of Herē he reclines, and through the halls  
 Of heaven his spoken thunder rings aloud,  
 Melodious with love. Such instrument  
 The mighty passion needs. A man-made lyre  
 Breaks with its powerful sweetness."  
 The echoes died away, and then I knew  
 That Sicily had won the crown.

ADELIA.

Wear this,

A fairer garland, by as much as love  
 In life excelleth love in poesy.  
 But, Glauka, how thou tremblest ! and bright tears  
 Stand on thy lashes.





ADELIA. So soon, my love ?

LUCIUS. The minutes shrink to seconds by thy side.  
But I must seek Antenor. So farewell,  
Until the sun hath risen again.

ADELIA. Farewell !

*They embrace and part.*

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SCENE II.

*The market place. People flock to and fro.*

1ST CITIZEN. From Carthage ?

2ND CITIZEN. Heaven be praised ! The city's saved.

3RD CITIZEN. Saved ? Does the lion rescue the gazelle  
Out of the tiger's clutch ?

2ND CITIZEN. Hath he a force  
Attending him ?

3RD CITIZEN. One comrade only.

2ND CITIZEN. More

Could scarce approach the city unperceived.

3RD CITIZEN. But if the Senate yields his terms, his  
fleet,

Now moored at Gela, will attack the foe.



Pins Mother Athens' arms, and she must leave  
Her army here unsuccored.

BARCA.                           One more cause  
To side with Syracuse.

*Aloud, to the children following them.*

                                  Come, pretty boy !  
Could men engender such a face, Salander ?  
Two meeting Beauties, essences of air,  
A rosy day, when summer was benign,  
Being opposite and mutual-fashioned, mingled  
In flowery meadows, where the one became  
The other, and the other became thee.  
Good men of Syracuse, how blest are ye  
In your fair children ! Such are never seen  
At Carthage in the purest Tyrian strain,  
So golden-sunny. And blessèd in your land,  
These soft Sicilian meadows, with mild flocks,  
Sweet vegetation, and the tribes of men  
Gentle amid the shower of gentleness.  
I come from Tunis and the wasted desert,  
Accursed of Heaven, where the swarming sands  
Close over caravans ; where monster beasts,

Indocile, war on man, and giant trees,  
The banyan and the baobab, spread forth  
Their axe-defying limbs like groves ; where streams  
Through the gnarled forests rolling, disappear  
Whither men dare not follow, lost o'er falls  
In dark and steaming caverns ; where hot fires  
Aye drizzle from the twisting wheels of Day,  
And singe the earth and char the face of man.

2ND CITIZEN. I had as lief be dead in Tartarus  
As live in such a country.

CAPTAIN OF ESCORT. This way, lord.

BARCA. Ay, let us hasten.

*He sets down the child.*

CAPTAIN OF ESCORT. To Antenor's house,  
The great High-Priest, our foremost senator.

*The people make way.*

## SCENE III.

*A room. The High-Priest and Lucius.*

LUCIUS. Two things I fain would speak of, reverend  
sire.

This Carthaginian — will the Senators  
Accept alliance with him? or is it meet  
A question of so grave and general import  
Should come before the Assembly?

ANTENOR. We accepted  
In name of Syracuse, on terms of 'vantage,  
The friendship of Carthago. Noble Barca  
Despatches word to-morrow to his fleet  
To muster off Plemmyrium.

LUCIUS. Hath this plan  
Thine own approval?

ANTENOR. I proposed the league.  
Lord Barca is my guest and dwells with me  
Within my mansion-house on Achradina,  
Hard by the garden where I shroud from war  
My daughter. Such seemed hospitality  
Fitting so famed a guest, and one whose worth  
Is infinite to Syracuse.

LUCIUS.

Forgive me.

For, truly, I revere even as a son  
Thy reverend counsels, and believe them truest,  
Under the wisdom of the Gods, that men  
Devise. Yet in the judgment of a man  
Lesser than thou, thou dost, thou hast done wrong.  
The breath of liberty begins to scent  
The very winds about us. I have seen  
Our boastful soldiery upon the walls  
Tie scrolls upon their arrows, and shoot taunts,  
Keener than gashes, at the weary foe.  
So near is victory. Yet underneath  
A placid-seeming stream, sharp ears detect  
Low murmurs, where the sunken boulders lie.  
Two such disturb the current of our life :  
First, famine ; secondly, the tyranny  
Of your too secret Senate.

ANTENOR.

Thus we toil

For Syracuse, and thus doth Syracuse  
Requite us !

LUCIUS.

The Assembly has not met

This twelvemonth. At the outset of the siege,  
Perplexed by danger, all men looked to you,

Revered your measures, and obeyed you. Now —  
Far be it from me to shelter insolence! —  
But you misuse the power occasion gave you;  
The people are estranged, and if aught ill  
Should follow this alliance, I should fear —

ANTENOR. What?

LUCIUS. Mutiny!

ANTENOR. Do such rebellious thoughts  
Enter their thankless hearts?

LUCIUS. The other counsel.  
This morning in the market-place, I saw  
The priestesses of Aphrodite pass,  
With Lais at their head. Softly they wound  
Their way towards Achradina, on whose heights  
The temple of their revelries doth stand.  
Close-veiled all marched, but Lais. She loose-clad;  
And to the shoulder her soft-marble arm  
Hung bare, and white as snow. No vestal fire  
Had it upraised, but it was moulded smooth  
For warm caresses and for blandishment.  
A hush came o'er the people. Glance met glance.  
Then rose a murmur, which when they were passed  
Rang forth an execration. "Hast thou heard,"



One cried, "of shades that steal from Lethe lake,  
With hideous lamps that throw a jet-black flame,  
Dispersing the fair light, and casting gloom  
Of hell-fire on the day? oh, these are they."  
They cursed the passing women, and the temple,  
And cursed the revelries that, two nights hence, —  
The yearly night of the Aphrodisia, —  
(Unholy pieties, if men speak true),  
Are celebrate. Some say the air is charmed  
In one wide circle round the region; birds  
Avoid it as polluted, screaming fear.  
Thus fear and hate are in the people's hearts,  
Which thou canst turn to love, with one soft word.  
Send back these priestesses, collected hither  
From who knows what dark dens of shame, Cotytto's  
Own priestesses impure!

ANTENOR.

Dost thou advise me?

And this advise? O recreance of men!  
How soon the heart forgets the holy fear  
Learned on the pious mother's knee, the prayer  
Once printed on the lips, the supplianee  
Unto the gracious Gods!

LUCIUS. Not pieties they blame, but deeds of night.

ANTENOR. They honor Aphrodite, Queen of Heaven.

LUCIUS. Not Artemis and Aphrodite, too?

ANTENOR. They honor both, the mother and the  
maid.

LUCIUS. Words, words. The rites are impious.  
Sire, forgive

My flaming speech, — my message must be said.  
Gold, too, in hoards, they cry, lies treasured there.  
An altar in the inmost of the fane  
Drinks showers more prodigal than Danae's  
From shrine-enamored matrons. Vases, gems,  
All idly deck its chambers, and rich jars,  
Filled with a fire that burneth to our shame,  
Or brimmed with unguents for the milky limbs  
Unclean of Lais' sisters. We are poor.  
The people cry for bread, and gold to buy  
The bread from friendly Gela. Seize the temple!

ANTENOR. Impious youth!

LUCIUS. Ay, seize the fane, they cry.  
Melt down the ewers and put the cleansing stamp  
Of Syracuse's mint on gold, pollute  
With orgies.

ANTENOR. O thou mistress of the skies!

Thou mother of the miracle that joins  
Woman with man in marriage, and creates  
New men arising while the old descend,  
Like waves that toss continuous on at sea,  
Turn not thy wrath upon these fools that scorn  
Thine oracle, thy priestesses, thy fane !  
Youth, go ! We have no ears for calumny.  
No hand shall stay the rites of Aphrodite.  
No gold shall leave her altar, save by theft  
Most sacrilegious.

LUCIUS.                           Sire, the people starve.

ANTENOR. Too well I know the woe that over-  
hangs us.

Could I appease their hunger with my flesh,  
Or cool their thirst with the red stream of blood  
That fills my heart, think'st thou I would not give  
them ?

LUCIUS. Far lesser is the sacrifice they ask.

ANTENOR. Nay, who dares brave the anger of the  
Gods,

The mystic monarchs, whose imperative  
Dumb elements obey, and only man  
Demurreth, to his woe. Did they with voice

Of awe, as they of old in sacred story  
Called Agamemnon, the Argolian king,  
Call *me* to lead my daughter to the shrine,  
And quench with these old hands my star of love,  
My soul's delight, my glory, my Adelia —

LUCIUS. O God!

ANTENOR. I would obey their high commandment.

LUCIUS. But think, my lord, —

ANTENOR. Son, I have spoken. Go!

## Act Second.

## SCENE I.

*Next morning. The market place. Wailing of women and uproar of men. A group of sailors, one of whom is speaking.*

SAILOR. We three were cruising in the bay last night.

With dawn the wind blew fresher, and we saw  
Among the white-caps, half a league away,  
A hundred war-ships, with the Attic ensign  
Fluttering at the mast. The bugles blew  
A welcome from the shore, and Charon cried  
"Demosthenes is come! Home with the news!"  
But one proud galley, fleetier than the rest,  
Came towards us like the wind. We tacked to meet  
her.  
Her prong went through poor Captain Andros' sloop.  
Two others tangled Charon in between them,  
And twenty chased me home.

WOMEN.                                 Wo! Wo! Wo! Wo!  
Wo! Wo! to Syracuse.

CITIZENS.                               The city's lost!—  
O, for Gylippus with the help from Sparta!—  
Too late! too late!—

*Call the Assembly!—*

Ay,

Call the Assembly!

Can they make us men?—

And ships?—

And bread to save us from the famine?

WOMEN. Wo! Wo! Wo! Wo! Wo! Wo!  
to Syracuse.

A CITIZEN. Who was it spoke of famine? I'd not  
heard

The island was grown barren. Are not stalks  
Still green, and fruit still red, in Sicily?

CITIZENS. Thou mock'st us, Citizen Petros. Well  
thou knowest

All our allies are poorer than ourselves,  
And we've no gold to purchase from the rest.

CITIZEN PETROS.                       You *have* gold.

CITIZENS.   Where?

CITIZEN PETROS. In Aphrodite's temple.

CITIZENS. Oh!

*Murmurs.*

CITIZEN PETROS. Shrink not, friends! 'Tis yours.

Now, while the way

Lies open through the fort, where Captain Lucius

Holds Nicias' walls asunder, — gaping jaws,

All-fain to close on hapless Syracuse! —

Rifle the fane! Send merchants to the marts

Of Camerina, shepherds to range for flocks

The inland pastures. There is treasure there

Would purchase a month's life for Syracuse.

Give us but bread, and with the men and ships

We have, we'll guard the city till Gylippus

Arrives from Lacedaemon.

CITIZENS. Seize the temple!

Prevent the Aphrodisia!

Down with Lais!

Down with the Senate!

*Enter Lucius.*

LUCIUS. Friends, I thought I heard

The voice of mutiny. What has befallen?





Upon Thessalian Athos, and the hordes  
Hung over little Hellas like a cloud.

CITIZEN PETROS. O, thou and I, Lord Lucius, we  
are men,  
And we could bear the fast. But what of these,  
Our nursing mothers, children, agèd ones,  
All hollow-cheeked with hunger? This because  
The feeble Senate rules us! This because  
One agèd priest invokes the curse of God  
On them who stir his treasure! Fond Antenor!  
Not blessings, but rude wrath are Heaven's response  
For these, our shameful Aphrodisia,  
Writ in no Hellene calendar, but drawn  
From the luxurious Orient.

LUCIUS. Good friends,  
What's hunger, weighèd with plunder, rapine, chains,  
And endless slavery in the mines of Laurium?  
Talk not of yielding, then. Think not the word.  
It is impossible. But if you will —  
You are the people — muster! congregate!  
Run hither, thither, bid each citizen,  
Captain, or scribe, ye meet upon your way,  
Gather at the Assembly-House: and there



BARCA. Can the city stand before him ?

SALANDER. He is a famous general.

BARCA. If we locked  
Our strength with his, how long could Syracuse  
Withstand our double army ?

SALANDER. But the walls  
Of Syracuse are round us. To depart  
At such a moment would proclaim us spies,  
Not legates ; and as such, if I mistake not,  
We should be treated by the Syracusans.

BARCA. In my first dream of conquest, these slight  
isles  
Appeared an easy prey. I thought to gird  
All Sicily with fleets, and at her ports  
Take toll of her ripe harvests. Then I saw  
On either hand Illyria, Italy,  
Greece, Gallia to the rocks of Hercules,  
And all the nations of the Mediterranean,  
Enrich our boundless empire. Every town  
Upon a river's mouth, and every ship  
That ploughed the bosom of this inland ocean  
Carthage should own ; and, like a mightier sea,  
O'erflow its shores and thunder at the base

Of the northern Alps, that loom impregnable  
 And fend us from the snows. For this I lured  
 Vain Athens on to storm this puissant city,  
 And would have lent her aid, but Nicias,  
 The weakling, courted failure, and I donned  
 The mask of friendship to win entrance here  
 Into the heart of Syracuse. Now fortune  
 Changes her smile, and I throw off the mask.  
 We must escape to the Athenians.

SALANDER. Escape? But how? and when?

BARCA. To-morrow midnight,  
 It is the season of the Aphrodisia,  
 Which these Greeks hate: and now, by famine crazed,  
 And fear, and hatred of the haughty Senate,  
 They swear they will prevent them; while my host,  
 Impracticable priest, resists their clamor,  
 And swears they shall be held. Out of this feud  
 I'll draw the clash of steel, whence shall leap forth  
 A spark which shall cosuume the hated temple,  
 And Syracuse beside.

SALANDER. How, master?

BARCA. Listen.  
 Demosthenes, that night, forewarned in time,

Shall fall upon the embroilèd Syracusans, —  
 Unarmed, in mutiny, and unsuspecting, —  
 Scale their sea-wall, and swarm their avenues  
 With irresistible might.

SALANDER.                   Hast bribed some Greek  
 To bear the message to Demosthenes?

BARCA.   Nay, that's a service of a deeper faith  
 Than gold could buy.   Thou would'st not fear to swim  
 Across the harbor to the Athenian fleet?

SALANDER.   Fear, master?

BARCA.                   Thou wilt bear the message, then.  
 I stay to hide thy flight, and 'mid the riot  
 Will easily make way.   But —

Hast thou marked

The beauty of Antenor's child, Adelia?  
 There's music in the name!   Adelia!

SALANDER.   Which?

BARCA.   The taller of the twain, the one whose  
           cheeks  
 Show waves of blushes.   Yea, she must be mine.  
 Oh, she is luscious as a Lesbian grape,  
 That drop of unpressed wine.   Yet in her eye  
 A glance superior, an inborn law,

O'errules my else unbridled love. I would  
 She had some trivial fault, some little spot!  
 Hath she a brother?

SALANDER. How should I know, master?

BARCA. I would she had! In him I'd read her  
 faults.

Her womanhood mists them over. O, I rave.  
 She hath no faults; she is perfect as the stone  
 I wear upon my finger.

SALANDER. Hast forgot  
 Poor, dark-eyed Hari? She would grieve to hear  
 How thou dost praise the azure-eyed Adelia.

BARCA. Poor Hari! I am inconstant unto thee.  
 But why inconstant? 'Tis no single rose  
 We love, although a queen; 'tis but the kind.  
 For any rose is fair. From this and that  
 We smell the delicate odor; here and there  
 We pluck one. So with women as with roses.  
 'Tis scarce inconstancy.  
 But mark! she must be mine.

SALANDER. Speak, master, on.  
 I've served thee twenty years, and never seen  
 Such knots of tangled danger.









Some means to check the midnight revelries,  
 Orgies and dances and demoniac laughter,  
 That else will mock in silence of the night  
 Upon yon hill the misery of the city.

2ND CAPTAIN. The wealthiest shrine in Sicily.  
 What shame

To put this gold to evil use, which, turned  
 To good, would prove so potent! Hear my plan.  
 To-morrow night let's march to Achradina,  
 Disperse the priestesses, and seize the treasure,  
 Then burn the cursed pollution to the ground!

CAPTAINS. Well counselled! We approve!

2ND CAPTAIN. Vague whispers passed  
 Will reassure the people all is well.

CAPTAINS. Ay, we approve!

2ND CAPTAIN. Antenor must not know,  
 Nor any Senator. When all is done,  
 Then let them fume in vain.

CAPTAINS. Ay, we approve!

LUCIUS. Brothers, I beg you think me not behind  
 In hatred of the revels, nor in wish  
 To gain the needed treasure for the people.  
 And yet, beware of haste. The sculptor moulds

No statue from the snow-banks in the fields,  
Though of a more than Parian tissue, pure  
And pliant to the skill of supple fingers.  
Better the marble block that but with toil  
And sweat gives shape, cold, everlasting shape  
To burning thoughts. Better the slow-wrought counsel!  
Something in the proposal I approve,  
Something I fear. I love the aim ; I fear  
The haste, the violence, the secrecy.

1ST CAPTAIN. One voice of mild dissuasion. Thou  
hast cause

To love Antenor, Lucius. It is meet  
To honor the High-Priest. But, grieve who will,  
This treasure must be ours, — the revels checked, —  
Ay, and the temple burned. If openly  
We cry our purpose forth — thou know'st Antenor,  
The rocky will, from which rebound alike  
Entreaty and command.

LUCIUS. Be it not said  
By him who writes our tale in years to come,  
Twining a garland of sweet poesy  
Around my lance of war, that even the voice  
Of love had power against the voice of duty,

Or that I, fearing to grieve my lord Antenor,  
Wronged all the Syracusans. I approve.

1ST CAPTAIN. Seal the deliberation with an oath.  
By father Zeus, the king of Gods and men,  
By Styx' black stream, the oath unutterable,  
By all things sacred, mortal and immortal,  
We set the seal of silence on our lips.

ALL. We set the seal of silence on our lips.

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SCENE IV.

*Antenor's House. Barca and Antenor.*

ANTENOR. Name me the godless rebels!

BARCA. For the names —  
My comrade overheard the plot, — Salander,  
A worthy soldier, — at to-morrow midnight  
They were to march and burn some temple, — which,  
I know not, — seize its treasures, and disperse  
The priestesses assembled. Being a stranger,  
Unskilled in Greek, my comrade missed the names.  
I, fearing treason, which forever basks  
In secrecy, and eager to give earnest

Of my devotion, which has hitherto  
Lived only in professions, brought the tale,  
To thee, most reverend in authority —

ANTENOR. I reverend! Nay, I am the meanest  
slave.

Dost thou not see my priestly office mocked,  
Myself a scorn for strangers, violent hands  
Constraining me to do their evil will?  
O faithless generation! Do ye think  
No judging eye beholds ye through the dark?  
And fear ye not His thunderbolt, the missile  
No mortal speed can shun, no shield can ward?  
It smites the haughty eagle as he soars,  
Strong-winged, above the peaks, amid the storm;  
Down through the heavens the zigzag lightning bursts,  
And cleaves him, and he falls. So ye shall fall.

BARCA. My sword is thine. Enroll me in the band  
Thou marshall'st to chastise them.

ANTENOR. Generous stranger,  
Thy singular devotion pierces me.  
I would I knew the names. Nay, sheathe thy sword.  
Leave me to intercept the deed of shame;  
It is beneath thine office. In thy name,

O powerful Aphrodite, in the name  
 Of Syracuse, lest vengeance overtake  
 This impious crime, I'll summon to my side  
 The faithful and the good. I thank thy zeal,  
 Lord Barca. Would I knew the names. My task  
 Were easier.

BARCA.                      Poor priest! It needs no craft  
 To work on thee. Now for Demosthenes.

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SCENE V.

*A bower in the secluded garden. Twilight. Lucius  
 and Adelia.*

ADELIA.

Now day departeth like a fading smile  
 That lingers on the lips of sea and heaven;  
 And men float dreamward to the blessed isle  
 Of slumber, o'er a drowsy ocean driven  
 By night, the beauteous and the mourning mother.  
 Now one by one the vesper stars aloft  
 Steal through the gathering gloom; and hush! oh,  
 hush!

For here and there and all about us, soft,  
Cool water-music bubbles, like the gush  
Of garden springs that sing to one another.

LUCIUS.

If to be dead were but to dwell in pleasance  
Amid the glories of yon sunset sky,  
Hanging above the earth, a God-like presence,  
High in the west, were it not sweet to die?  
O fiery radiance, what art thou, say?  
Thy hues outrival Iris, and shame Flora,  
When, breaking early buds o'er hill and hollow,  
She leadeth through the lands the month of May!  
Art thou a vision of the young Aurora,  
That visitest the slumbers of Apollo?

ADELIA.

Whether the final harmony is death,  
And all this life melts out in subtle fusion  
With yon Sky-Presence, at surcease of breath, —  
Reunion with the world, sweet dissolution,  
As of a dew-drop in the morning air;  
Whether our souls live forward to some flower

Of soul-perfection, 'mid a spirit host,  
Aye hung like incense-clouds before a Power  
Of majesty divine ; Oh, who can boast  
To know the answer of that question fair ?

LUCIUS.

I would not live where there is no communion  
With thee, O lordly Nature, no full sight  
Of all thy beauteous parts, in sweetest union,  
My love, my meditation, my delight.  
In thee the waters and the woods abide ;  
In thee the bough-bird sings, in summer's van ;  
This is thy changeful sky, now seamed with levin,  
Now blue and calm ; on thee, as on a bride  
The beautiful poet, young and shy of man,  
Presses his burning heart, and murmurs " Heaven ! "

ADELIA.

He loves, and listens for the warm response,  
Love's sweetness ; but the siren's breast is hollow,  
Empty of love. The forests and the founts  
Regard him not, and when he fain would follow  
The sweet, wild doe, she, with misgiving eyes,



Flees farther in the glade. Cold is the light,  
Cold the unspeakable, eye-delighting glow  
That filleth heaven when day is born or dies.  
Nay, poet shy of man, man will requite  
Thy love with love cold Nature cannot know.

LUCIUS.

Thy soul is learnèd in the lore of love.  
Teach me the wisdom in thy bosom chambered.  
Yea, to be prized all other things above,  
Smiled on, endeared, nay, but to be remembered  
Upon that other shore of Death's dead stream,  
By one pure maiden here, to wed two hearts  
Like thine and mine, is rapture deeper, higher,  
Than contemplation, or the poet's dream,  
Or tinselled treasure of the whole world's marts.  
'Tis the fruition of all soul's desire.

ADELIA.

Look, love, without! How yon gold dial shines,  
Whose needle's shadow marks the moving hour.  
And shafts of splendor pierce the lacing vines  
That, thick-embranching, darken all the bower.

The moon hath risen by stealth to overhear us,  
 And night's black garb is silvered with a hue  
 Not on the rainbow palette of the day.  
 Look, where with phosphoral path a meteor flew ;  
 But ere thou turnest it hath waned away  
 Behind yon bank of cloud that floateth near us.

LUCIUS.

Hast ever marked, amid the golden signs,  
 A vague-felt shimmer of unseen starlight playing  
 Behind the globèd orbs ? My soul divines  
 A myriad stars, imbedding and inlaying  
 Invisible spheres, yet to be seen of men.  
 Thus oft are thoughts foreshadowed by the soul,  
 Beyond the very verge of mortal sight,  
 Which Time, unrolling the unending scroll  
 Of truth, reads ages after. Hark ! the night  
 Is riven by a voice — again ! — again !

*Glauka's voice is heard afar, singing.*

ARIADNE.

I make my pillow  
 A mossy stone,

Sleeping alone  
Under the willow,  
Under the weeping tree.  
The nightingale  
Mocks in my ear,  
Singing so near  
Out of the vale,  
“Sweet is my life to me!  
Sweet is my life to me!”

My home was a palace,  
And hers a bough,  
But now, ah, now!  
She drinks a chalice  
Of rapture and I of rue.  
No fair-faced lover  
Led her away,  
And then one day  
Sailed off, false rover,  
Bidding her never adieu ;  
Bidding me never adieu.

*Voices of flowers sing softly :*

Hark ! hark ! a nightingale is in the garden ;  
Or one of the orioles that linger long  
In Sicily's lovely woodlands. Pardon, pardon,  
'Tis Philomel's own inarticulate song,  
Lip-broken into words. Adieu ! Adieu !  
How softly in the air the echoes float !  
While in yon leafy bower two lovers true,  
Severing with tears, repeat the plaintive note.  
Adieu ! all things are parting. Let us flowers,  
Rose, lily, dahlia, heliotrope, camellia, —  
List to the lovely naming of our choir, —  
Answer Adieu ! Adieu ! fair daylight hours ;  
Adieu ! bright stars ; Adieu ! brown bird of fire ;  
Adieu ! sweet lovers, Lucius and Adelia.

## Act Third.

## SCENE I.

*A moonlight night. The Temple of Aphrodite. On a sloping bank that leads down from the temple, youths recline with lyres. Fountains play at the sides. In front, on a level lawn, maidens dance. Slow music, gradually quickening.*

## MAIDENS.

While men seek slumber and the tired flocks rest,  
And o'er their path in heaven's eternal arch  
The eastern stars are floating to the west,  
    The moon o'erhangs the sea ;  
We, Aphrodite's nymphs, in garb of snow,  
With hallowed dances round her temple march,  
Chanting the happy choruses that flow  
    From joyous ecstasie.

Come, bloomy maid, come join our merry bands,  
And leave the drowsy virgins to their dreams,  
Roam up with us the sloping mountain lands  
    Where winds blow wild and cool ;  
Oft loitering on the banks to bathe thy locks  
In the delicious waters of the streams ;  
Or, if in any basin of the rocks  
    They pour a crystal pool,

All screened in shrubs, and brinked with flowers of  
    gold,  
Wherein, perchance, the naked naiad swims,  
There slip the knots and girdles that enfold  
    Thy Cytherean bloom,  
And in the unrippled water-mirror mark  
The lily beauty of thy spotless limbs,  
That gleam like marble in the dewy dark  
    And all the lake illumine.

## YOUTHS.

Come, youth, leave strife and fierce alarms,  
The clangor of steel and the pain of blows,

And repose, like Mars, in the soft, warm arms  
Of thy Venus, from the war.

Her lips say "Away," but her eyes say "Come!"  
And her cheeks outvie the superb wild rose,  
And her tresses the fleece of Elysium  
That the Argo voyaged for.

Come, follow the maids who day and night  
Heed but the sense and the longing of joy  
That fills man's blood with a wild delight,  
Veining him as with fire.

Come, take thy part in the ring-round whirl,  
On thy right hand Eros, the lovely boy,  
On thy left a red-lipped, laughing girl,  
All dancing to my lyre.

Come where the nightingale learned to sing,  
From Aleale, sweeter than she,  
Whom we chase through the valleys, abloom with spring,  
But still she escapes afar.

For when we are nearest, away! away!  
She outruns Atalanta over the lea,  
And sings in her flight like a lark at day  
Taking wing for the morning star.

## LAIS.

When Aphrodite rose from the foam  
'Mid shining drops that clung in showers —

*The temple bursts into flame. The fifty captains appear  
on its steps.*

LUCIUS. Away, foul women! Thou, with raven  
hair  
That flecks thy snowy shoulders, — Fallen Lais!  
I would mine eye were solid fire to brand  
Red shame upon thy forehead, and bring back  
The blush of maidenhood that dyed thy cheeks,  
When, still a smiling girl, thou dwelt at home  
Among thy people, wayward but beloved.  
What do ye here on this unhappy night,  
When every woman's bed in Syracuse  
Should be bedewed with tears, bidding this hill  
Shake with the light-foot dances till it rocks  
The citizen from his troubled sleep below?  
He wakes and hears, then sleeps again and dreams  
The Furies ride the night winds, trumpeting  
Wild, demon laughter o'er the hapless city.





Fouling the lips of maidens. If these things  
Are holy, we blaspheme, with torch and sword  
Blaspheme ; though on the eternal calendar  
Of Him whose heart is grieved by deeds of shame,  
I think such blasphemy would write our names  
In glory, not in blame. And call our deed  
Not cunning, though we wear the secret mask  
Of night in it. But for thy sake the deed  
Were blazoned forth to daylight, that all men  
Might hail it with rejoicing. Well we feared  
The blow we aimed at sin would fall on thee,  
Who art the noble shield of things ignoble.  
So now thou know'st our purpose was not ill.  
I kiss thy robes, — unbend thine iron frown,  
And speak a golden blessing on our deed,  
Our honorable deed, which brings heart's ease  
Unto the Syracuse thou lovest dearly.

ANTENOR.

Rebuild,

Rebuild yon massy roof, festooned with fires  
That shrivel up its marble majesty  
To ashes in mine eyes. Then ask my blessing.  
Son, son, I will not curse thee. Pour, O heavens,  
Thy fountains on these fires, that he may live,



CAPTAINS. Insolent priest, beware !

ANTENOR. Upon them !

*The guard attacks the captains.*

LUCIUS. Antenor ! Comrades !

*(A shriek.)*

The moon !

PRIESTESSES. The moon !

The moon !

ANTENOR. What miracle

Arrests your waving blades ? How all the air

Grows black as Styx !

*The priestesses prostrate themselves. The captains  
draw back. The moon is eclipsed.*

VOICES. The moon !

ANTENOR. O Artemis !

Dost thou conceal thy pure, pale face aloft

Against the deeds of men, and set the sign

Of God's displeasure, the far-feared eclipse,

Upon the face of heaven ? Trembling I cast

Mine eyes to thee, and I am cold with fear,

Although my heart is clean. O what confusion



Antenor,

Let them depart, for Syracuse hath need  
 Of her commanders on the walls to-night.  
 Bind me, and I will pledge my life for them  
 To stand with me, and answer on the morrow  
 The charges thou shalt make.

ANTENOR. So let it be.

Bitter, oh bitter, is my heart to see  
 Thee, Lucius, bound, a felon, at my feet.  
 For what tribunal, though of love and mercy  
 Impanelled, could adjudge thee innocent?  
 Thy guilt is clear as sunlight. With this chain  
 I set thy doom upon thee.

LUCIUS. Comrades, sheathe

Your swords, and heed him not. To-morrow stand  
 And plead for Lucius, not with angry steel,  
 But with the voice of reason at the throne  
 Of Reason's daughter, Justice.

*The moon comes out.*

PRIESTESSES.

Artemis!

*A multitude has gathered.*

ANTENOR. Arise, ye servants of the holy Gods ;  
 Arise, good citizens, and let them stoop  
 In fear, on whom the goddess casts her frown.  
 For us she smiles, approving what we do.  
 Arise and join my prayer.

*Chant, led by Antenor.*

ANTENOR. To the Lórd, Gíver of áll góod, to the  
 móst Hígh,

CHORUS. To the Lórd, Gíver of áll góod, to the  
 móst Hígh,

ANTENOR. Be the héarts lífted, the práyers úttered,  
 the wórks gíven,

CHORUS. Be the héarts lífted, the práyers úttered,  
 the wórks gíven,

ANTENOR. Of all mén dwélling on éarth únder the  
 bróad sún !

CHORUS. Of all mén dwélling on éarth únder the  
 bróad sún !

ANTENOR. Him the vást pówers, enthronéd hígh in  
 the húge Héaven,

CHORUS. Him the vást pówers, enthronéd hígh in  
 the húge Héaven,

ANTENOR. Him the dárk mónarchs whose réalms  
    líe where the déad líe,

CHORUS. Him the dárk mónarchs whose réalms líe  
    where the déad líe,

ANTENOR. Him the lóst ónes, the unféaríng, the  
    foul sín-shód,

CHORUS. Him the lóst ónes, the unféaríng, the foul  
    sín-shód,

ANTENOR. Him the fáir fólk that on éarth's rím a  
    líe-ráce rún,

CHORUS. Him the fáir fólk that on éarth's rím a líe-  
    ráce rún,

ANTENOR. All obéy, shúnning the dréad wráth of  
    the Lórd Gód,

CHORUS. All obéy, shúnning the dréad wráth of the  
    Lórd Gód,

ANTENOR. Of the Lórd Gód, of the Lórd Gód, of  
    the Lórd Gód,

CHORUS. Of the Lórd Gód, of the Lórd Gód, of the  
    Lórd Gód.

ANTENOR. When the dárk témpest invádes Héaven,  
    with its wíde wíngs



CHORUS. When the dárk témpest invádes Héaven,  
with its wíde wíngs

ANTENOR. Far outspréad óver the bríght líght of  
the dáy-stár,

CHORUS. Far outspréad óver the bríght líght of the  
dáy-stár,

ANTENOR. And the áir glóoms in their bláck sháde,  
and the séas súrge,

CHORUS. And the áir glóoms in their black shade,  
and the séas súrge,

ANTENOR. And the sóft hármony, jóy-blówn, that  
the wínd síngs

CHORUS. And the sóft hármony, jóy-blówn, that the  
wínd síngs

ANTENOR. Turns to díscórd and the stránge shríeks  
of the stórm-dírge

CHORUS. Turns to díscórd and the stránge shríeks  
of the stórm-dírge

ANTENOR. Till the ráinbów on the hílls séts her  
tíará.

CHORUS. Till the ráinbów on the hílls séts her tíará.

ANTENOR. Then all héarts bów to the dréad wráth  
of the Lórd Gód,

CHORUS. Then all héarts bów to the dréad wráth of  
the Lórd Gód,

ANTENOR. Of the Lórd Gód, of the Lórd Gód, of  
the Lórd Gód.

CHORUS. Of the Lórd Gód, of the Lórd Gód, of the  
Lórd Gód

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SCENE II.

*Out in the harbor. The eclipse. Burning temple in  
the distance. Barca in a skiff.*

BARCA. Where were ye, false Athenians? Saw ye  
not

My beacon on the heights of Syracuse?

O, had ye answered it, the town were mine,

Adelia mine. — I watched her by the shore.

But chance would have it that my flashing blade

Betrayed me to a guard. By rock and bank

Long I eluded them, until at last

The hue and cry grew louder at my heels.

This chance-found shallop saved me. But I lost

Adelia. She lies slumbering on the beach,  
 And I am far away. Courage! Are those  
 The ghostly outlines of a fleet at anchor?  
 They hang a lantern in the foremost galley.  
 Friends! — How my voice sounds hollow in the  
 night! —

They heard me not. The vessels' sides are lined  
 With sailors, staring at the double portent,  
 The burning temple and the hidden moon.  
 Salander!

A VOICE. Master, is it thou?

BARCA. 'Tis I.

SALANDER. The Gods be praised, I trembled for  
 thy life.

*Barca rows near.*

BARCA. What keeps ye here?

SALANDER. Astarte's darkening.

We put to sea, and just had caught the breeze,  
 When lo! she masked her light. The augurs cried  
 It was an evil omen, and Lord Nicias  
 Bade us return.

BARCA. O magic-ridden fool!

SALANDER. Methought at first the plan was overbold.

BARCA. My plan was perfect as a crystal sphere  
That wizards study for the laws of numbers.  
But it is hard to walk through life as men  
Are doomed to walk, backward, and shun the rock  
Of hazard in our way. — Take me aboard,  
And bring me to Demosthenes.

## Act Fourth.

## SCENE I.

*On the beach, next morning. Glauka and Adelia.*

ADELIA (*waking*). O such a dream! Where am I?

GLAUKA. On the beach,

Dear lady.

ADELIA. Who art thou?

GLAUKA. Why, I am Glauka,

Dost thou not know me?

ADELIA. So thou art. At first,

I did not know thee.

GLAUKA. Pray, what brought thee here

Unto this lonely region of the shore?

ADELIA. Here! — Where? — Are we in Syracuse?

GLAUKA. Why, surely.

Thou know'st the houses and the fields around.

ADELIA. There is a mist upon mine eyes. Ah,  
now,

Now I remember. It was in the garden,  
 At eventide ; I broidered in my bower  
 With idle fingers, thinking of my betrothed,  
 And smiling at my thoughts. When lo ! I felt  
 A fume of spices, myrrh, and poppy-juice  
 And strange aromas floating in the air,  
 And all so thick compounded that they made  
 A sickening sweetness, and my breath came heavy,  
 My eyelids drooped, and I had sunk aswoon,  
 But two broad, mighty arms embraced me. "Hush !"  
 A voice said. "Have no fear. I love thee, love thee."  
 And when I oped my eyes, thou canst not think  
 Whose burning gaze met mine ?

GLAUKA. Truly, I cannot.

ADELIA. The Carthaginian, Barca.

GLAUKA. Wonderful !

O wonderful !

ADELIA. Mine eyes were sealed in slumber,  
 Yet still some faint sense in me was astir  
 Of being borne upon the wind, on, on,  
 As if I were a bird. I heard the plash  
 Of waves, and murmur of the sea ; then shouts  
 Pursuing, and the mighty arms embraced

Me closer, and we flew with fiercer speed.  
Until at last I felt myself laid down  
As lightly as a mother lays her babe  
Upon its downy cradle. Night and silence  
Around me, close to my ear the dashing waves.  
I slept, — and when I woke just now 'twas lightsome.

GLAUKA. Yes, it is morning, love. The night is  
over.

O such a fearful night! I tossed and tossed  
Upon my bed, and never slept a wink,  
So full of uproar was the city. Dawn  
Awoke me, palely gazing through my curtains,  
And I arose. Attired, I cast a glance  
Into thy chamber. Thou wast gone, thy couch  
Unpressed. I called thee, softly as I could,  
Not to awake thy father in the house.  
For still I thought thou hadst but slept o'ernight  
In some still corner of the garden. Nay,  
Thy bower was empty. Only the dawn-choir  
Of thrushes answered me. Bewildered then  
I passed without the gate. What drew my steps  
Down toward the beach, I know not. On this brink  
I found thee, slumbering, like an ocean-maid

High-stranded by the tide. I touched and kissed  
 And rocked thee, all in vain. The wings of sleep  
 Were locked above thy brow, thy marble brow,  
 And as I watched thee, lo! the rising sun  
 Shone warmer, and the breeze 'gan gently chafe  
 Thy cheeks to their own bloom. Thy bosom sighed,  
 Thy lips 'gan move, murmuring "Such a dream!"

ADELIA. A wondrous story! Nay, dear, I am  
 strong.

Were it not best go tell my father of it?

GLAUKA. Love, thou art faint and dizzy.

ADELIA. I am sure

'Twas Barca. Canst thou think why he should wish  
 To bring me hither, Glauka?

GLAUKA. Nay, I cannot.

But we must tell thy father. Canst thou walk  
 Along the beach?

ADELIA. There is a cottage, yonder.  
 The people seem astir.

GLAUKA. This way, Adelia.  
 It is the smoother path.



## SCENE II.

*The Senate-House, an open theatre. The Senate sitting as tribunal. The High-Priest as accuser; Lucius and the captains as accused. The urn of Pardon and the urn of Death. Populace. Ruins of temple visible on the hill.*

ANTENOR. No more, out on the sea, rounding the  
cape

Pachynus, shall the foreign mariner,  
Whene'er the beauteous crest of Syracuse  
Looms in the northern horizon, enthroned  
Upon its rocky mountain, say "There stands  
Some old, illustrious capital, beloved  
Of Heaven, and blessed with sweet prosperity.  
Look, eyes! rude hands have shorn our crested pride.  
What see we now upon yon hill where late  
Stood marble columns, atlasing a dome  
Of porphyry? What see we in their stead?  
Smoke-columns tremble in the wind, infirm.  
The air is vacant of its loveliness.  
O, last fair symbol of our early days,  
Memorial of the simple saints of old,

Whose age men well call golden, for they lived  
Amid the arcanal forest, in the ways  
Of simple piety, and reaped the meed  
Of piety, fair peace ; thou, on whose site  
Stood that famed oracle of Aphrodite,  
Wise as sublime Dodona, where the God  
Speaks wisdom through his prophets. Woe to them  
That marred thee ! woe to us, who, having left  
The cloistered shades of the arcanal forest,  
Rive and re-rivet to our needs the oak  
That sheltered us, upbuilding haughty cities,  
And, waxing strong, o'erween, nor bend our knees,  
Nor beat our breasts in prayer, but lightly scoff  
Such meek abasement ! Woe to us ! for God  
Is mightier than the mightiest of men,  
Mighty to bless his friends, mighty to lame  
His enemies. For midway in their course  
Of pride, they stumble. Death, remorse, defeat,  
O'ertake them, or the rare eclipse is seen,  
The visible frown of the invisible Lord.

I stand alone against a babbling host ;  
But, being an ancient warrior of the Gods,

I fear them not. For God I stand. With God  
They strive who strive with me. Most worthy judges,  
The penalty of sacrilege is death.

LUCIUS. Death? and for what, most reverend sire?

Thyself

Must own I ever loved religion well,  
That sweet religion which the Maker wrought  
Into man's spirit, as the Arab girl  
Weaves one rare golden thread amid the shawl  
She weaveth of the smooth-shorn camel's hair.  
All through the pattern rich it runs. Who plucks  
That forth, unravels all. 'Tis true we burned  
A sumptuous fane of frolic Aphrodite.  
Home of carousals, consecrated plague,  
What ceaseless sprinkling of prayer-perfumed waters  
Could make thee pure? What incense hallow thee?  
For this we merit honor, and not death.  
Death? O most reverend sire and Senators,  
Death for myself I fear not. I have faced  
A thousand deaths, and count my life at nought  
Against my country's peace. But here I stand  
Pleading to-day, not for my life, but yours,  
Lest in the spirit of party, and chagrin

For powers and honors by the Assembly's vote  
Ta'en from you, — blind to the encircling perils,  
Demosthenes without, famine within, — ye judge  
To death the fifty captains, the sword-arm  
Of Syracuse, now more than ever needful.  
Look on the lots crisped careless in your hands.  
What see ye there? The lots? No more? Ye see  
My living heart, but nought of that. No more?  
Ye see the lives of fifty noble youths,  
Your own lives and your people's, and the life  
Of Syracuse. Go, cast them in the urn  
That stands for Death. Then bid the sentinels  
Swing wide your gates asunder, that the foe  
May march in o'er your bodies. I am done.

CHIEF SENATOR. Is there no more to say?

May Justice light  
Our minds, and guide us to the rightful path!  
I weigh thy charge, Antenor, and thy words,  
Young Lucius; and my vote is cast for death.

*Uproar among the people and clash of arms. Enter  
Gylippus with a group of Spartans, and a Syra-  
cusan escort.*

GYLIPPUS. Show me the generals.

GUARDSMAN. Here.

GYLIPPUS. It is a pretty pageantry ye hold.  
 Meanwhile a band of Spartan boys could scale  
 Your walls, and take your city.

CHIEF SENATOR. Lord Gylippus!

*The Senators rise. The theatre becomes silent.*

Welcome to Syracuse! our famed ally,  
 And kinsman by our Dorian ancestry.  
 Thou com'st upon us at an evil hour.  
 Well may the soldiers' discipline be lax  
 When they that govern them stand here accused  
 Of monstrous lawlessness.

GYLIPPUS. At such an hour  
 I know but one crime, — treason. It is met  
 With Death.

CHIEF SENATOR. Mere treason injures only man.  
 Their deed, more black, offends the holy Gods.  
 Last night they burned a fane of Aphrodite,  
 And when we, with the noble priest, Antenor,  
 Sought to chastise them, turned their impious swords  
 On us, their elders. But the miracle

Of Artemis cast terror on their hearts.  
To-day thou seest them pleading for their lives,  
Before the Senators of Syracuse,  
Sole judges of the crime of sacrilege.

LUCIUS. Hear me, Lord!  
We burned the fane. But know, the hand of hunger  
Is at our throats, and, being the city's captains,  
Commissioned by the Assembly with the powers  
We held ere these proud Senators, now benched  
In judgment over us, usurped them, — urged  
By all the people, — we made bold to seize  
The treasures of yon temple. This is the sum  
Of our black conduct. We love Syracuse.  
They love her Senate. Lord, thou art a soldier.  
Then judge us as a soldier.

GYLIPPUS. I had done  
The same, and smitten dead the meddling priest.  
But smooth your own dispute, O Syracusans.  
Demosthenes is at the gates. One breach  
Of discord in your armor, and he enters.  
I am a Spartan soldier, and can league  
The strength of Sparta with no falling city.

ANTENOR. Heed not the foreigner! The word of God

Is stronger on our side than Sparta's spears.  
As ye have stood with me against the many  
Before, stand with me now. They must be ruled  
Like children.

CHIEF SENATOR. Is there now no more to say?  
Judges, ye hear accuser and accused,  
And ye have heard Gylippus. Rise in turn  
And vote into the urns. First, agèd Nestor.

NESTOR. None grieveth more than I to lose the fane,  
For none but I remembers when 'twas built.  
None honors thee, Antenor, more than I,  
For zeal and holiness. And yet, methinks,  
Thou wast a hasty youth, and now, though white  
With eld, thou still art hasty in thy zeal.  
For, though thou lov'st thy temple, thou lov'st more  
All Syracuse, and would'st not see that burned.  
But if ye glare like enemies, and stand not  
Like brothers, in a phalanx, how, alas!  
How shall ye drive this mighty fleet away  
That comes to seize our city? So my vote  
Is for forgiveness. Else I know not how  
The people can be calmed, and Lord Gylippus  
Be won to lend us aid.

*He votes. A storm of approval among the people.  
The rest follow Nestor, and vote, one by one, into  
the urn of Pardon.*

CHIEF SENATOR. All see the judgment. Let the  
accused go free!

ANTENOR. Hold!

CHIEF SENATOR. What wouldst thou, Antenor?

ANTENOR. What would I?

Shout! Shout! ye fools. I will not strive to out-  
roar ye.

What would I? Perjured judges! Heaven, restrain  
Thy wrath, or visit it on wretched me!

For I am old, weak, useless to my people.

O let me wrap the cloak of solitude

About mine agèd head, and dwell apart.

*The trial breaks up amid rejoicings of the people.*



## SCENE III.

*At the gate of the Senate-House. The crowd has dispersed. Lucius and Gylippus, with guards, are leaving the theatre. Antenor follows them alone.*

*Enter, breathless, Adelia and Glauka.*

ADELIA. Father!

ANTENOR. Adelia! My beloved child,  
What brings thee here?

ADELIA. Barca — the drugs — last night,  
Last night, — O, my bewildered brain!

GLAUKA. Last night  
Our guest, Lord Barca, drugged her in the garden.

ANTENOR. Barca!

GYLIPPUS. What does the Punic general  
In Syracuse?

GLAUKA. He left her on the beach,  
Startled, I think, by sentinels. This morn  
I found her there.

LUCIUS. Treachery! To the walls!  
Three sentinels reported they pursued  
Some foul deserter to the shore last night,  
But lost him in the darkness.



## SCENE IV.

*A month elapses. The Athenians are now in turn besieged in their camp at Plemmyrium by the Syracusans. The Athenian camp. A tent. Barca and Salander.*

SALANDER.                    Shake off this heavy spirit.  
Thou art as variable, hast as many moods  
As the chameleon colors.

BARCA.                        I remember  
Thou saidst I was inconstant. True! True! True!  
My being had no centre till I knew  
Adelia.

SALANDER.    If thou couldst forget the girl?

BARCA.    Forget her? Sooner shall Narcissus' flower  
Erase the brand upon its cup than I  
Her image on my heart.

SALANDER.                    Thou art enchanted ;  
But it was so with Hari ; 'twill be so  
With her that ousts Adelia.

BARCA.                        O Salander,  
When I reflect upon the things I loved,  
How like fair, brittle bubbles all appear,

Chased by a careless boy, caught, touched, and broken !  
I loved our mighty city, when the throngs  
Came forth, — each face a story to keen eyes, —  
And darkened its white ways. For I would dream  
Some day they might be mine.  
Were there a limner 'mid the fabled Gods  
Not his aerial colors would suffice  
To paint my vision's splendors. But I wore  
My giant will to nothing in the task,  
And, baffled, fled to solitudes forlorn  
And mountain steeps, whence man seems but a mote,  
A speck upon the visible universe.  
And yet sometimes the universe seems less  
Than I, a speck, too, on the infinity  
That I could cover were my spirit unsheathed,  
And suffered to roam forth on wings of will.  
I loved to dream upon a rolling meadow ;  
I loved to wrap my spirit in the storm  
And plunge through perils of the wind-swept sea.  
Thus back and forth I went, as goes the bee, —  
For we must go, — from flower to flower, from clime  
To other clime. I had a tryst in the vale,  
A tryst in the highlands, and I kept them both



SALANDER. There was an ancient soothsayer prophesied  
 That I should die by steel. But zounds! I think  
 Death comes at random, and knows not himself  
 Or when or where.

BARCA. Something here whispers to me  
 That I shall die in Syracuse. Enough!  
 What tales are these dame Rumor sows in the air?  
 Couriers fly back and forth; the horses stamp;  
 The soldiers whet their swords.

SALANDER. Two captives, ta'en  
 This morn, guerillas from the inland countries,  
 Forewarn us of a general sea-assault  
 To-morrow. O, for my old Numidian squadron!  
 These Greeks mistrust us, and I them. Besides,  
 E'er since Gylippus came, the Syracusans  
 Are turned to Spartans. They have trapped us here,  
 And swear we'll not escape them. But what ho!  
 The bugle sounds a call; from end to end  
 Of the long camp the answering trumpets ring.

*Bugle-calls.*

BARCA. To arms, Salander! Hear the mighty  
 music.

This brooding is not life. I've seen a hound,  
Tusked by the boar and bleeding, at my call  
Leap back and charge one frantic onset more.  
So let us charge against the throat of fate,  
And hew a lane to liberty.

SALANDER.                   Woe to the foe  
That meets thee in this mood !

---

## SCENE V.

*The secluded garden. Glauka and Adelia.*

*Enter the High-Priest.*

ANTENOR. Why, we neglect our garden. Weeds  
run wild  
Among the flowers, and many stems are withered.  
'Tis long since I have noticed them. Thou, Glauka,  
Art paler than a maid of thy young years  
Should ever be.

ADELIA.           I fear thou art not well  
Thyself, dear father.

ANTENOR.           O, my sweet Adelia,  
To gaze on thee, to sink this withered hand





ADELIA. Why did he break with them? The people  
love him.

And he loves them, I know.

GLAUKA. Two hearts may love  
Whose faces are but as the faces of strangers.

ADELIA. What makes thee sad? I have not heard  
thee sing  
This many a week.

GLAUKA. In truth I am not happy.

ADELIA. If thou'st a sorrow, Glauka, pour it forth,  
And we will cry together, solacing each  
The other. For I, too, am melancholy;  
But if I shut my grief within my heart,  
'Twould eat a chasm there.

GLAUKA. If I should tell,  
Wouldst thou give promise never to reveal  
My secret?

ADELIA. If thou askest it, I will.  
Now I remember Lucius often said,  
"What shade is that, dwelling on Glauka's brow?"  
And I could never tell.

GLAUKA. Lucius?

ADELIA. For when

Thou cam'st to me thou wast a stranger. Since  
Thou art become a friend. But for the years  
Before thou camest we are strangers still.  
Sit by me on the bank, and let me be  
Thy confidant.

GLAUKA.                   It is an olden grief,  
And the beginning of my tale is far,  
Far back. Then listen, lady. Thou hast heard  
Of Chios?

ADELIA.                   Where Alcaeus flourished, one  
Of those Ionian islands, that besprinkle,  
Even like yon clouds, the Aegean isles of Heaven,  
The ocean beyond Hellas toward the morn.

GLAUKA. In Chios I was born. There is my home.  
Three sisters, fairer than myself, still watch  
Our fireside embers there. -- Of all  
The Chian youths, the fairest was my cousin,  
Antinous, who dwelt beneath our roof.  
Lithe was his frame, and smooth, and when he slept  
His lips so rosy-ripe that mother Night  
Would take them for a flower, and hang a drop  
Of dew on them. From early infancy  
He played our island songs upon the lyre.

One day a wandering minstrel, hearing him,  
Said to my sire, "Lord, thou art rich in lands,  
But richer in this youth. Apollo's soul  
Lives in him. At Olympia 'mid the best  
Of Grecian minstrels I have seen a worse  
Bear off the leafy prize." My sire resolved  
To journey to the festival; and we,  
His daughters, went with fair Antinous,  
Who played with me, and loved me, as a youth  
Would love a maid; and I loved him in turn,  
But only as my playmate. When all Greece  
Smiled on him from the tiers, he saw but me;  
For me he shook, with pleasure-lighted eyes,  
The wreath he won. I looked beyond, and saw  
Among the victors one who bore the wreath  
For lyre and song, more noble than my cousin.  
A flower in my bosom burst to bloom.  
'Twas love.

Soon, oh, too soon, the parting day  
Arrived. My father said, "Home now to Chios!"  
I wept in secret, for I knew the youth  
Dwelt far, — in Syracuse.

ADELIA.

In Syracuse?

GLAUKA. And when he turned his forehead to the  
 west,  
 How could I turn mine eastward, far from him  
 Forevermore? I followed him by sea  
 To Syracuse.

ADELIA. Go on, my love,

GLAUKA. Alas!

He loved a lady there, fairer than I.  
 Whom when I saw, I marvelled not. No goddess  
 Could rival her, not Aphrodite fair,  
 Nor Juno tall, nor Hebe with the cup  
 Of brimming youth, far sweeter than her wine.  
 I loved her, and she drew me to her side.  
 And round the pair, my lover and his love,  
 I hover, hiding in my bosom's deeps  
 My sorrow. For my mien is never sad,  
 Though sometimes when I sing I give a voice  
 To secret, sad repinings.

ADELIA. His name? thy lover's name?

GLAUKA. Hast not divined it?

It is the name thy lip most loves to round.

*Enter Lucius from behind the shrubbery.*

LUCIUS. Adelia!

GLAUKA. Oh!—

ADELIA. Who calls me? Lucius? Heaven!

LUCIUS. Methought your very souls were in your  
eyes,

Fair Glauka's raised to thine, thine drooping o'er them,  
Like to the pale, calm blue of heaven bent o'er  
The dark and troubled azure of the sea.

Thou hold'st thy matted hair to hide thy tears.

Glauka, what have I done?

ADELIA. Thou wast too sudden.

My sire forbade thee ever to see me more.

LUCIUS. Cruel Antenor! Plead with him, my love.  
To-morrow's combat in the harbor marks  
The doom of the Athenians. In their fleet  
The traitorous Carthaginian, thrice foiled  
Attempting to escape, fights like a God.  
But I have sworn to have his life to-morrow,  
And if the Gods are gracious, and we win,  
Amid the general joy, — for still I think  
No heart beats warmer for the city's weal  
Than his, though now estranged, — might he not  
then



ANTENOR. My servant says the enemy strike  
Their final blow for liberty to-morrow.  
Defeated, they are lost. Their hopes are dead,  
And Syracuse is free.

ADELIA. God vouchsafe strength  
To every soldier's arm!

ANTENOR. Amen! Amen!  
Be ready to go forth, and on the height  
Above the harbor cheer the soldiers on,  
And pray for Syracuse.

ADELIA. What! I and Glauka?

ANTENOR. We three. Farewell.

*Exit Antenor.*

ADELIA. Glauka, art thou recovered?

GLAUKA. Yes, lady, and I heard Antenor's words.  
Sweet words! But let me whisper something to thee.  
Bend closer. — Wilt thou keep my secret?

ADELIA. Yes.





Sport up and down the wind take not a thought  
 Of what is coming. On their breasts they wear  
 No armor 'gainst their kind ; their talons clutch  
 No spears. O God, to think that man to-day  
 Will stain the sea-green wave with scarlet blood  
 And heap it with corpses for the running tide  
 To cast upon the shore !

ANTENOR.

They come ! They come !

*The army marches to the shore, below.*

O hear the wild war-music. By each band  
 The boyish minstrels march, and the feet of thousands  
 Beat to their martial measures.

ADELIA.

What a throng

Attends them to the shore !

ANTENOR.

Their brows are stern.

They all gaze out unto the foreign fleet  
 Across the harbor. Many a soldier's eye  
 Is filled with tears.

GLAUKA.

And so are mine.

ANTENOR.

March on !

For he that overlives this victory

Shall wear a hero's crown, and he that falls  
Shall have a grave within the memory  
Of men, wet with the truest tears forever.

ADELIA. They grasp the ships and push them down  
the sands.

Some to the oars ; some poise their spears in air  
Against an unseen foe. Others draw bows,  
Arrowless, but with sinewy, skilful arms.

GLAUKA. O, it is terrible ! I cannot think,  
For all the tales of Asian amazons,  
That women e'er were soldiers. It accords  
With rough and cruel natures.

ADELIA. Nay, the sight  
Arouses in my heart the wish that I  
Could do a soldier's duty on the walls,  
If Syracuse should call me.

GLAUKA. O, and sink  
Thy hard spear in some foeman's tender breast,  
And draw it out all red ?

ANTENOR. They are embarked,  
And glide together from the crescent shore  
With majesty.

ADELIA.           It is not like a battle ;  
'Tis like a voyage of pleasure.

ANTENOR.                   Look afar !  
The hostile fleet hath left its moorings. See !  
That long, dark line, midway across the harbor.  
The wind is set against them.

ADELIA.                   Heaven be thanked !

ANTENOR.   Now—now—they meet. Hark ! Hark !

ADELIA.                   I hear a cheer  
Borne o'er the water.

ANTENOR.                   'Twas the maiden shock.  
Now they recoil.

GLAUKA.           Can I not blind my eyes ?  
My hands refuse to cover them. Some charm  
Rivets their gaze.

ANTENOR.                   The fleets break into clusters,  
Some fly and some pursue. The champion barks  
Begin to single out each other. Fierce  
They battle round the centre of the fleet.

GLAUKA.   I cannot tell the forms so far away.  
Canst thou, Adelia ?

ADELIA.                   No, love. But my eyes  
Follow one ship.

GLAUKA.                    Which one? Tell me a mark  
That I may know it, and chain my glances to it  
All through the day.

ADELIA.                    'Tis whiter than the rest,  
It sails upon the left, as if it meant  
To wheel around them.

GLAUKA.                    He is in it ?

ADELIA.                    Yes.  
My heart ! That very trireme is attacked.  
I thought I saw  
A sailor aim a blow at one who stood  
Before the rest. He missed. His shining blade  
Is sheathèd in the sea.

GLAUKA.                    The other ships  
Are come between them. I can see no more.

ADELIA.                    Nor I.

ANTENOR.                  O gracious God of war,  
Fight thou invisible with them, spread thy shield  
Before them, lend them strength and surer aim.  
Thou, God of Justice, bid the scales of Fate  
Weigh true, against the foreign, false marauder,  
Who crossed the sea, inveigled by sweet lure,  
To snatch our city's plenty.

GLAUKA. I must go.  
I cannot bear to see the mangled ships,  
And wrecks, and floating bodies.

ANTENOR. Nay, the fight  
Is scarce begun as yet. Our friends of Sparta,  
Invincible on land, give way before  
The Athenian's mariners. Sit ye aside,  
Turning your faces inland toward the hills,  
And pray for Syracuse. Here we remain  
Until the day is over.

---

SCENE II.

*Later. Among the combatants. Lucius' trireme.*

LUCIUS. O friendly mother night, make haste to fall  
On this embattled ocean, far and wide  
Bestrewn with desolation. Spread thy veil  
Of thickest gloom around us, that our fleet,  
Now by the Athenian's desperate valor driven  
So near the shore our dearest, watching there  
Can spy our faces, yet may hold the foe  
In strenuous combat till the early stars



With hands uplift in prayer, full darkly carved  
 Against the lighted sky. Methought that thou  
 Wast one. Thou first, Salander — Salander —  
 Adelia —

*Dies.*

HELMSMAN.                   The African is dead.

LUCIUS.   And with her name on his unholy lips.

HELMSMAN.   I'd like to measure him from tip to tip,  
 As huntsmen measure some superb, large lion  
 After the chase is over.

LUCIUS.                   Hark! the tide  
 Is changing while we linger. Look! they fly!  
 They fly! To oars!

*A cheer from the Syracusan shore, answered by a distant wail from the Athenian onlookers across the harbor. The Athenians turn and fly.*

LUCIUS.                   First board the Carthaginian,  
 Take off the crew and bind them! Then row back  
 And charge full speed, and sink her in the sea.  
 Then —

HELMSMAN.   Master, art thou injured of a sudden?

LUCIUS. Some random arrow. Chance is the best  
bowman.

The others could not hit me.

HELMSMAN. Pull it out.

Quick, men, and save Lord Lucius.

LUCIUS. Follow! Follow!

See the destroyers fleeing. Follow! Follow!

Like hounds behind the bounding stag, like Gods

Upon the heels of Titans. Follow! Follow!

HELMSMAN. Hush, master! for the wound is like a  
fountain.

My tunic for a bandage.

LUCIUS. Do they fly?

The cheers are far ahead.

HELMSMAN. Yes, we are fallen

Behind the others.

LUCIUS. Cheer! my comrades, cheer!

This is the last of the Athenians,

And Syracuse is free.

HELMSMAN. Row for your lives.

A surgeon! O, a surgeon!



## SCENE III.

*Evening. Lucius dying on the shore. The High-Priest, Glauka, Adelia; Soldiers and Sailors.*

ADELIA. Hush! he is speaking.

LUCIUS. Now the gorgeous light  
Is sinking in the west. For me not day,  
But time, is setting, and eternity,  
The starless night, ariseth.

ADELIA. Lucius, say  
Thou knowest me.

LUCIUS. The twilight of a forest,  
How vast and calm! Men pass. Their forms grow  
vague,  
Dissolve, and leave no outline to the eye.  
Is this a land 'twixt life and death, through which  
I journey to my goal? But lo! a shape  
Of glory waits me, radiant as the sun,  
When Vesper at Heaven's gate points east and west  
Her clarion, and convenes the roaming Gods  
To hoar Olympus to the mighty feast,  
And Phoebus sinks in splendor. It draws near.



And pity for the yellowing leaves of summer  
 Comes o'er thee with the season : when the dusk  
 Drives daylight from the garden, and night winds  
 'Gin mourn, remember me ! remember me  
 When far-away, soft music fills the air  
 And floods thy spirit with a mingled draught  
 Of rapturous aches and pleasures. Then, Adelia,  
 Remember Lucius.

ADELIA. O, my heart is breaking.

The happy by-gones— are they dead forever ?

ANTENOR. I was too stern ; forgive me.

LUCIUS. Is it thou,

Antenor ? Come more near, and take my hand.

Do not accuse thyself.

ANTENOR. Thou goest to meet

The bridegroom, Death, to whom thou wast betrothed

The day that thou wast born. Dark powers place

Our infant hands in his, and while men say

“ Another life ” they say “ Another death.”

But blest are they, the fearless and the good,

To whom Death comes in raiment of the dawn,

With gentle visage, Love upon his right,

And glory on his left. Whose last looks see

The loving faces round them ; whose last sounds  
Are words of whispered comfort. In thine ears  
A paean is resounding, sung afar  
By thy victorious comrades, disembarking.  
Hark to the shouts, the clash of arms, the cries  
Of welcome, and the laughter, and the songs,  
And shriller accents when sweet children blend  
Their joyous jargon. 'Tis the mingled hymn  
Of our thanksgiving. Let these things assuage  
Thy pain. Thy rescued country honors thee.

*Triumphal music.*

LUCIUS (*rousing*). Rejoice, O Syracuse, at this  
grand hour  
Triumphal, in thy valor and thy strength !  
In thy war-weary legions that return  
Within thy peaceful bosom ! O rejoice  
In thy sea-girdled beauty, now set free  
From marring foes ! Rejoice in thy blue sky !  
Thy forts and armories, thy marts and shrines,  
Thy cots and bowers and citadels ! Rejoice  
In thy fair history, writ not on rolls

Of parchment, but on more unfading leaves,  
Thy sons' brave eyes, the pure cheeks of thy daughters.  
Thine elders' reverend miens !

My Syracuse !

*Dies.*









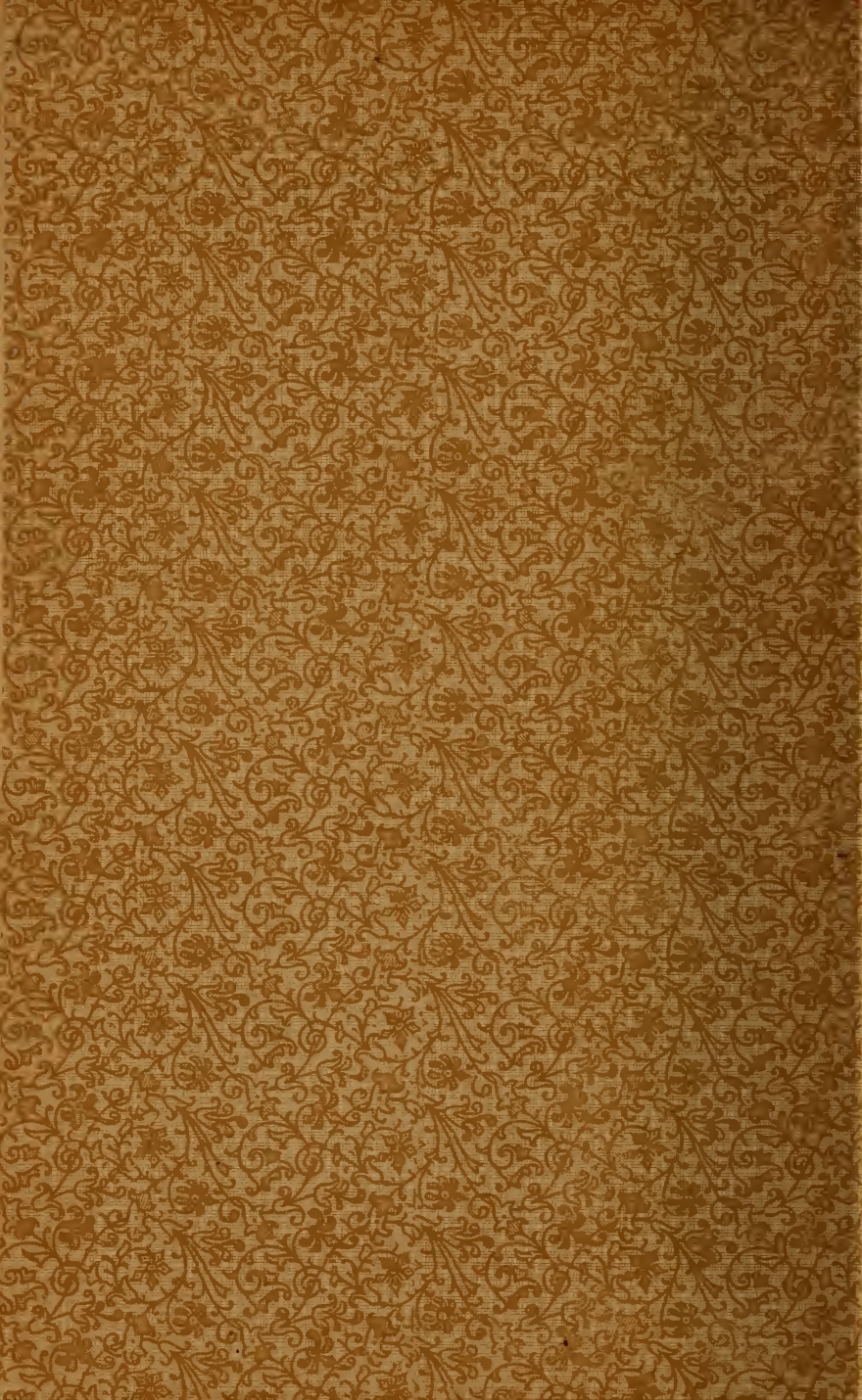
















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